

His Eyes Were Dark

Root

In the shadow of black rocks
Under the overhang of roots and snakes' nests
There He used to sit and sing
He sang his songs
Which nobody understood...

He was old a hundred, two hundred, three hundred years?
Nobody knew it,
Maybe for thousands of years he has been in this world,
Maybe for thousands of years he has been in this world..

His eyes were dark,
But it was owing to wisdom and something mysterious,
They sparkled and penetrated everything,
When He played on his instrument,
The sky grew dark and wind became silent.

Over stony planes only wind runs
And mysterious shadows whisper their stories,
Many of them He told at His rock
And I lived them all with Him.